

# Dragon's Bloodline

(竜の血脈)

Volume 07

Magic City

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(彦猫)

## Story Description:

A martial artist (42 years old, single) devoted himself and trained his skill with the sword and martial arts, but was involved in a large scale disaster, and saved many people before his life ended. Who would have thought that when he went to the world of the dead, a beautiful woman who introduced herself to be General Administrator would appear? He was told that it was possible to reincarnate into a world of swords and magic, and the man gained the powerful Gift [Dragon's Bloodline]. However, he reincarnated as a woman. Furthermore, a beautiful woman. In order for him to walk down the warrior's road to recover his symbol of being a man, he made a fresh start as a woman. Shall we go on an adventure? Let's begin!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 87: The Magic City

Yo, I'm Serge. Right now I'm standing in line in front of Magic City Jemidan waiting to get in.

Why? Because I'm going to enroll in the magic academy of course!

I know that Cordova's upheaval came to an end.

And am fully aware that I am not strong enough.

Well, there are people I can compare against like Nee-chan or Carla-san, but like, if I had to say, they're Super Saiyans.

And Irina started out a Saiyan.

Where do I fit? Well, it'd be great if I were Krillin, but I think I'm around Yamcha's level at best.

That's why I felt like I needed to at least somehow raise my level to around Krillin's, so I consulted various people about it.

The most common response was that the best way to go for a mage was to enroll in the magic academy.

Well, Nee-chan said that actual fighting was the best way to go though. She doesn't realize that she's a monster after all. Most people would just die before getting any stronger.

Then, when I talked to Carla-sama about the magic academy, she gladly wrote me a letter of introduction.

"You certainly have the possibility of becoming a splendid mage."

After saying that, she smiled and rephrased herself.

"No, are already are a splendid mage. It's likely that you will become a mage to leave his mark on history."

Ah~, the smile of a goddess! Nothing less from a former saint. Even me, someone who's used to it, felt like I was dancing in the clouds.

Ah, speaking of beauties, Nee-chan's one too huh. If I had to describe her, she's the brutal, beautiful and cool swordsmaster type. She's a

different type than Carla-san's pure and innocent type.

With stuff like that having happened, I took stagecoaches and caravan carriages all the way here.

"Haaaah? Try saying that again, boy."

I picked a fight with people, didn't I?

"I said; a wall this high wouldn't be able to endure the demon tribe's invasion."

Yep, I was just standing in line as normal, but the person in front of me was unexpectedly a citizen of this town.

I just wondered if it'd be alright with the wall being only that strong out loud.

I mean it's only just about three Gigs tall.

Then he said it'd be fine since they could secure the wall with magic when push comes to shove.

Isn't that a bit weird though?

Couldn't they save mana by just building it better beforehand?

Then he said that they definitely wouldn't run out of mana.

When I asked why that'd be the case, thinking that there might be some kind of unexpectedly awesome magic device, he said that they could attack countless monsters by having all of the magic city's mages use magic.

Thought so.

Don't just go with feeling that you'll make it through somehow!

Well, it's not like I'd say it so frankly, I've heard that they were fine even after being attacked by tons of monsters.

Yep, I can't respond. I mean, I don't have anything to use as a response. Isn't this just a difference of ideals?

Well, I have to say that even I've hidden behind Nee-chan's skirt, but I can still feel pride in that I made it through fights with my own strength.

I was interested in the town's defenses since I'm planning on living here for a while, so I asked about them in detail.

No one around me answered me...

There was an extreme belief among people here that since Azelford-sama was in Sacred Mountain Cyrus, everything would be okay.

Even if Carla-sama evaluated Azelford-sama as being above her, he'd still end up losing after getting exhausted and swarmed.

Another thing is that Demon King-sama. He's stronger than Azelford-sama. Well, that's off the record so I won't say anything about that.

With me talking about things like that, the mage-like people around me started looking angry.

"Finally, an idiot noble brandishing his status!"—someone shouted.

Ah, I'm going to the house of someone who I'll be receiving the help of from here on, so I dressed up. The formal wear of a Manesh baron.

It's not like I'm going out of the way to declaring myself a noble. Still, it might've looked that way from my appearance.

I was originally a farmer and was from a middle-class in my previous life. There's no way I'd make a fuss over something like my social position.

Generally speaking, true nobles ride in stagecoaches don't they?

However, they didn't seem to think so. It's already turned into a storm of abuses. I feel like I'm a child, but I'm not going to get caught in the moment here.

No, I really haven't lost my temper.

I feel like I grew up a lot in that war. Getting intimidated by people without any strength to support it isn't scary at all.

Be it level 20 or 30, small fry are small fry.

Even I could take them on barehanded by using body strengthening magic.

I won't do it though. It'd cause too much of a disturbance in a place like

this. I can't drag down Carla-san's name.

Even so, I endured it all while thinking about Carla-san's smile.

If Nee-chan was the one to write that letter, I'd probably be getting a bit violent by now.

That would probably make her happy, after all.

Well, just as I was starting to feel a bit troubled over how I should calm down the situation, a carriage showed up.

"Quiet down."

Leaving no room for complaints, it was a voice amplified by magic. And so, everyone quieted down.

Ah, come to think of it, I don't know much about neutralization magic that doesn't leave wounds, huh.

At any rate, the wagon's window opened up and the person inside showed their face.

I was surprised.

It was a bespectacled girl.

Since there was magic in this world, you could cure bad eyesight. There weren't many people with bad eyesight to begin with, either.

Even so, she was purposely wearing glasses, so I tried using Identify on her.

A surprising level 70. Moreover, she has the Gift of Magic Natural Talent.

She had black hair and was about the same age as me. Well, I guess you could call her a beauty, but hey, all I can see is just her face.

Still though, she'd a bit young. Out of my strike range.

Her face doesn't look like one from the northwest part of the continent does it? If pushed, I'd even say it's somewhat Japanese-ish.

"Is there something wrong?"

The girl asked me, so I told her about the lack of this city's defenses in a well-ordered manner.

"I see, that is reasonable. I will tell Otou-sama."

Saying that, the carriage with the Ojou-sama in it headed towards the gate, disregarding all of the people lined up before it.

I heard about it later, but apparently, nobles have that kind of privilege. It would've been great if I used it, too.

\*

Magic City Jemidan was an arbitrarily lengthy city. The buildings that looked like tall, respectably built buildings, were called towers.

Heading down the main street, the magic academy was at the end of it with the large mansion I'll be staying at right next to it.

When I asked to have my letter conveyed at the front gate, they made strange faces. Well, noble children arriving alone probably doesn't tend to happen.

Nevertheless, as expected of Carla-sama's letter of introduction, a Butler-san came out and welcomed me in graciously.

"Danna-sama is out on business currently, but Ojou-sama is fortunately here to welcome you."

Well, it might be unusual for him to be at home during the day.

A few minutes of waiting in the reception room later, a knock sounded at the door.

When I got up to meet her, to my surprise, it was that young beauty from earlier.

It looked like she was also surprised but she regained her composed expression immediately. Kuudere, that's kuudere! She's not dere yet though. [1]

"Nice to meet you. I am this family's daughter, Christina Koto Marken."

"Nice to meet you too. I'm Sagittarius Crystal Crowley."

Eh? Why is there a Crowley?

Well, that's because I had to once again make a new name when I was made a baron.

"Is Sir Sagittarius a noble?"

"Yes. I am a baron of the Ogress Kingdom."

"Oh."

Miss Christina spoke in response. It is currently the most famous country after all.

"The way that nobles are treated in Jemidan is somewhat special."

Ah, I'd heard a bit about it, but it might be a good idea to hear more.

First off, nobles do not have the majority of their privileges inside Jemidan.

They are able to have priority in passing the gate or easily taking reserved seats in restaurants, but they are not given special treatment when it comes to crimes.

"Well, I'm originally a farmer, so it's alright with me."

When I said that, the Ojou-sama seemed quite a bit surprised.

"Did your father provide some distinguished service in the war?"

Thinking about Ogress' structure, that's probably the right way to think about it.

"No, I became Her Majesty's companion in her travels by chance, serving in the war's supply division and earning an evaluation through that."

"You earned your title yourself, then?"

Yeah, it's surprising. Very surprising.

That's it. I'm AWESOME!

"In a single generation... and so young... Through magic? No, it was through the supply division, so it was likely from excellent skill?"

No, it was the power of magic.

Well, even if I said something like that... I just dodged the question with a fitting smile.

Earl Marken was the same as his daughter, having oriental facial features. I didn't know until now, but there appears to be a lot of city-states in the east with people that look like that.

Having another sibling, Miss Christina is the younger sister. Her elder brother seemed to take after their deceased mother, looking like someone from Southern Europe.

Well, that person doesn't give off too good of a feeling.

He was saying things like how his younger sister's appearance wasn't too good so please be friends with her how it was wonderful that I made it so far in one generation at my age.

"Miss Christina's appearance is unusual in this area, but at the city-states to the east, she is a considerable beauty."

When I gave some lip service, Earl-sama, her father, was happy. After all, hearing someone say that someone who takes after you is a beauty is nice.

Even though I went so far to praise Miss Christina, she didn't show much of a reaction. Her butler said that she was embarrassed, though.

Well, she's at a difficult age, yeah?

\*

Footnotes:

1. Kuudere is the '-dere' type that doesn't show their expressions much.



# Chapter 88: The Blazing Transfer Student

Normally, the magic academy didn't have a system in place for transfer students. However, there were unusual ways to get in. In this case, that way was through Carla's letter of introduction.

Ria and Guinevere had given letters of introduction as well, but he didn't use those in the end. He decided to hold on to them just in case something happened.

"Yes, then begin your written examination."

As expected, it wasn't possible for him to enroll without an examination, so it was decided that he would take the written and practical exams.

Serge thought about how he'd avoided things that weren't practical applications, but he had a sure-fire way to pass.

That is, cheating through space-time magic.

By using it to reference the grimoire he'd received from Labyrinth, even without going for perfect marks, he could still use it to go for a particularly higher than average score.

Don't call it unfair. Serge's purpose was to strengthen himself, not to get good grades.

Although the next one was a practical test for essential skills, it was just measuring output and control.

A special crystal ball was prepared and set up to test his output by measuring the aggregate amount of mana loaded into it, but...

As expected, his mana was too strong and caused the ball to explode.

It appeared as though the same thing had happened to Carla as well, so he was the second person to cause such a thing since they had started using this method of examination.

(Well, Carla-san is on another level though.)

He knew that it was going to be destroyed with his amount of mana since he'd used Identify on it beforehand, but even though he considered

about whether or not he should hide his ability, once he thought about the reason he came to the academy, he decided it wasn't important.

The test for his control was also an easy one.

Shoot into the center of a target with a circle drawn on it. Destroying the target would be bad, as well as missing it.

By using Longinus with guidance magic, he was able to pierce solely its center.

The teachers were surprise. This much was natural, as he just pierced the target with something moving at a speed they couldn't even see.

Even so, he still needed to get better to reach the top.

Let alone Carla's unreasonable magic, he wasn't even suitable to be those two demon generals' enemy at all.

And that werewolf had defeated him in a single blow.

Even so, he wanted to prepare himself so that he could fight together with his comrades in time for the Millennium.

There was a curriculum assembled by the academy's masters, but it wasn't satisfactory for Serge.

Driven by his abilities' tendencies, Serge's first expectations were that it would be actual combat, but most of them wanted to have them practice basic magic.

To be frank, with his intelligence and mana that had been boosted as well as his Gifts for magic, he felt that he could be active in that field too, but in order to face the Millennium head on, he wanted to take practical lessons.

But when he voiced his opinion, they lamented that the young always wanted to run straight to the showy fields of magic.

Viewpoints like that were important, but right now, these elders didn't know just how quick the Millennium was coming.

They probably thought that their peaceful days would continue for the

rest of their lives.

But if he spoke the truth, pandemonium would strike the city. There was also the possibility that he would be labeled a liar.

Reluctantly, along with basic magic, he took space-time magic, fire magic, and natural law magic. However, it appeared that the only person who had researched space-time magic was Great Sage Azelford.

All of that being the case, he was brought in front of a homeroom-like class.

Unsurprisingly, he would be joining senior mages, Miss Christina included.

Well, considering his mana capacity and his Gifts, this much should be natural.

Even so, when it comes to this magic academy's highest peak, they were only around level 70 at the highest.

By that way, the present Serge was at level 118. Moreover, taking into account his Skills, you could think of him as being 128.

Even so, that same mage didn't feel like he would stand a chance against that dark elf and vampire.

"I am Sagittarius Crystal Crowley. Pleased to meet you all."

He bowed his head to the students above him three or four times.

"Crowley huh. Haven't heard of them before. What country?"

The student who asked that with a grin was level 70. A big deal.

Well, if they fought in a real battle it'd be an instakill though.

"Crowley is a new baron family in the Ogress Archduchy. Through his own distinguished services, he received the title directly from Ogress' Archduke."

The person to follow up was Christina.

By the previous night's dinner, they'd already changed how they called each other to Chris and Serge, but he didn't think that she would go so far

as to obviously protect him here. [1]

“That’s rare. Weird Face Chris is concerned about someone else.”

Since the insistent boy kept on talking, Serge got irritated, but he kept himself quiet.

“He was enrolled here after receiving a letter of introduction from Carla Raparb Uslan-sama. Is there another human being like that?”

Carla-san’s name to the rescue!

The boy tried to grumble something after that, but he was stopped by the teacher and fell silent.

\*

Chris told him that that boy’s name was Alexi during that night’s dinner.

Although he was capable, his personality was troubling and the teachers had difficulty managing him. Moreover, she said his parents were nobles.

(No wonder.)

Serge thought to himself.

“If something happens, you can talk to me or one of the masters.”

No no. I won’t!

Even if Serge was very good at hiding behind girls’ skirts, this time would be different.

“It’s all right. Worse comes to worst, I’ll just resort to force.”

“He is a magic user that can destroy even iron golems.”

Iron golems.

What a small fry.

“Chris, you don’t seem to understand for some reason, but...”

He decided to show off.

“I am someone that has beaten the labyrinth.”

The basic magic lessons were surprisingly useful for Serge.

The things that he'd been taught up to now, other than the village's mage, were all by completely non-standard people like Valis and Carla, so he'd completely missed out on all of the basic things.

Since the theories behind the things were all missing, his application of them to actual combat weren't that effective.

Moreover, since Chris was also taking the class, she helped him out on a lot of stuff.

He also put emphasis on control even in combat classes, doing his best to avoid destructive magic.

\*

In an afternoon like that.

When Serge, having just finished his meal, went to open his locker.

Bang!

He instinctively slammed it back shut.

Opening it again, there was a pink-colored letter in it.

(Ooh, the legend!)

There was a love letter in his locker. However, Serge was calm.

Someone that would write him a love letter at this age was either a considerably precocious child or a full-blown shotacon. It was fine if it was the latter, but the former was still a bit out of his strike zone.

Moreover, that. There was a big possibility that someone was mimicking a love letter to get him to go somewhere.

“What’s wrong?”

“Uhyaaa! Oi!”

“Eh!?”

Serge was so distracted by the love letter that he didn't notice someone come up to him. Standing next to him, Chris looked at the letter in Serge's

hand.

“Right after yesterday, you’re popular, huh.”

“No no, this is probably a trap.”

When he opened the letter, it said to wait behind the training grounds that evening.

There wasn’t even a name, nor was the handwriting that girlish. It was definitely a trap.

“This is... Alexi?”

“Probably.”

He didn’t remember creating that big of a grudge, but human beings were just like that sometimes.

“Want to go together?”

Thinking about it, there were people like her too.

(You’re kind, Chris-chan. Rather, maybe you’re a simple child?) Shaking away his rude thoughts, Serge asked Chris.

“Are you sure?”

It would’ve been cool to say no, but he could already see how worried she was. As expected, she was different from Carla.

However, that was that and this was this. Both were good.

“Well, it’s alright. If I went all out, I’d definitely win against that level of opponent.”

With Serge saying something a bit haughty, Chris looked a bit daunted.

“Understood. But Alexi’s fire magic is level 6. Don’t let your guard down.”

“You know, my fire magic is level 9.”

The look Chris gave in response seemed to say, “Again with the jokes,” but it was the truth. In the process of training his space-time magic, the magic that was the easiest to use after receiving Valis and Carla’s

guidance was fire magic.

Chris found Serge's back as he walked away filled with more than enough composure very dazzling.

\*

"Heh, you actually showed up, boy."

Everything was as expected.

The people waiting at the place written in the letter was Alexi and five others.

They said a lot of various things as expected, but inn short, they were all conceited.

It's not like he couldn't understand. In addition to being given special treatment as a transfer student, he was enrolled with the introduction of the legendary magic soldier, Carla. Even the masters were all looking at him with special eyes.

However, even if he understood, it's not like he had to agree with it.

"So? What do you want? I haven't even done anything in particular."

"Kneel."

Hearing that overwhelmingly high-handed way of speaking, Serge laughed.

"Did I say something funny!?"

"No, it's just that you're acting all high and mighty, asking me to kneel and all."

Well, he might be a little at fault for doing stuff like that too, though.

"I didn't ask you to kneel, I ordered you to. Do it."

At that moment, Serge activated [Intimidation].

Starting with the Cyclops, Serge had experienced that Skill from God Dragon Valis, Ria and Carla's fight, and the demon general's attack.

As a result of that accumulated experience, he had already acquired that

Skill.

Even so, Alexi still showed a backbone. But the other five people all collapsed on this spot.

“M-monster...”

Feeling that huge intimidation was something unbelievable even if it had come from the masters. It was something on the level that the only person at the academy who could do it might be Great Sage Azelford...

“H-hey!”

Jarred, Alexi went all out in using his fire magic. It was strong enough that the masters that had been secretly watching them didn't have time to stop it.

“White Prison Flame!”

“Dimensional Dislocation.”

And he easily prevented the magic.

The magic was sucked into the gorge between dimensions. Surprised from having seen something like that, Alexi took Serge's next magic.

“Flame Circle.”

Alexi and the others were surrounded by a ring of fire. Normally, this magic would be to the extent that it could be easily released. However, the output this time was different.

Serge maintained his magic until all six of the people inside it fell unconscious from lack of air.

“Such a ridiculous person...”

Chris said in a tone that said she was amazed from the bottom of her heart.

When Serge laughed in response, he was just stared at coldly.

(It's nice to be stared at so coldly by a bespectacled beauty!) In the end, this incident was resolved with a stern warning to all parties involved.



Speaking of right and wrong, Serge, who purposely prepared witnesses, shouldn't have been at fault, but since the other side was making a fuss about it, both of the parties were given the blame.

Since then, Alexi decided to avoid Serge until graduation.

The details of the event swept through the school, giving Serge another nickname.

That is, [The Blazing Transfer Student].

“A man's soul charge: complete!” [2]

Saying something incomprehensible, Serge became known by his eccentric speech and behavior.

\*

Footnotes:

1. Note that, to my knowledge, 'Chris' isn't particularly tomboyish in Japanese.
2. Reference to some super manly JP thing. I don't know what, though.

# Chapter 89: The Great Sage

When Serge was voluntarily disciplining himself due to raising such a fuss, in truth, he was meeting with a certain individual during that time.

Who was this individual? The greatest mage on the continent, the man given the title Great Sage—Azelford.

Reaching an elevation of ten kilometers, Serge had been invited to a certain garden on the summit of the Sacred Mountain Cyrus.

By the way, to say how he got there—

“That’s... a big bird...”

A huge brown bird with somewhere around a hundred meters long wingspan landed in a field on the outskirts. Its head resembled a pterodactyl’s.

“It is one of the three servants who serve Azelford-sama, the Wondrous Bird Laplace.”

The person to answer Serge had come together with Laplace, a black-haired butler.

Even so... Laplace...

That has nothing to do with the laplace devil, right?

“I am also one of the servants, Radam.”

Nn?

“Umm, is the last of you three named Poseidon by some chance?”

“Yes, they are names given based on a legend from a Hero-sama’s world.”

That’s the world of BaXXruni... [1]

They headed to the top of Cyrus like that, but what was there was a place built like an outdoor stage in an area covered flowers, neither of which you’d expect to see that high up.

“The lord is waiting over there.”

Moving forward said, they went over to the stage seating.

Serge already had a bad feeling about this.

... then it happened.

Cha~ chara cha cha~ cha cha~ cha cha~ cha~ cha~

A beautiful youth with fair skin appeared together with music.

The youth was singing enthusiastically.

“Hidden by~ the~ fresh fallen~ snow~” [2]

The lyrics were wrong, but with that line, it was definitely that song.

“Living in~ the magic tower~, super powered, sage~ Azelfoooooord~”

He knew. He knew the song.

He’d watched it on Animax or something, so he knew. [3]

He knew it from that line.

“To protect the continent’s peace, three servants were ordered.”

“YAH!”

His expectations had already vanished.

“Wondrous Bird Laplace~, soar through the skies~ Poseidon~, swim through the seas~ Radam~, transform, don’t give up~”

That’s a parody!

\*

After singing it properly on the second time, Azelford greeted him with a big smile.

“I am Azelford. I don’t mind if you call me Azel.”

Maybe it’s not the first generation Azel? [4]

Shaking hands with him and smiling awkwardly, Serge decided to forget about what just happened.

“Using space-time magic, that’s pretty interesting. You’re a reincarnator right?”

“As expected of someone called the great sage, you put it together just from that huh.”

“Even as fellow reincarnators, I am different from Labyrinth. Having chosen genesis magic, that one’s had to work quite hard.”

Ah, I see. They lived in the same era so it’s natural that he’d know about Labyrinth.

Right... they’re from the same era.

“It looks like you made it through the labyrinth, but how’s she doing? Well?”

He guided me from the stage towards the tower. It seems to be his residence.

“She was energetic, but, how should I say this... It felt like it was all a bravado.”

“She’s been like that for a long time. Everything considered, it’s amazing that her spirit hasn’t worn away...”

There were various lab instruments and books placed everywhere inside the tower.

The thing Serge took an immediate interest in was the mountain of books. They were piled into a huge mound without being properly sorted.

For Serge, someone who made sure to maintain a properly organized collection of books in his former life, it was a sight he couldn’t endure for long.

“Sorry. With it being so hard to organize, even if I asked someone else to help out with it, the people who are able to come here haven’t been too capable at organizing.”

Serge had come to the place of the man called the great sage because of Azel’s invitation.

Being the only one to destroy the crystal ball since the Dragonslayer had that much of an impact.

“Please, take a spot that’s open. Radam, prepare some tea and sweets.”

As he said that, he took a seat on a sofa. As though waiting for it, the pile of books collapsed.

“I would have arranged things a bit more usually, but recently I’ve been too busy with preparing for the Millennium.”

It was brought up. The Millennium.

The person who was the top of the magic academy. What did he think of the Millennium?

Serge spoke frankly, saying that everyone felt too little of a sense of crisis when it came to things regarding the Millennium.

“It’s as you say. We are much lacking in that. Perhaps the human race will be soundly defeated in this next Millennium.”

Serge froze from the man’s frank pessimism.

“Ah, don’t be too troubled about it. This’ll be between you and me, but in truth, I recently fought against the Demon King.”

Eh?

Isn’t that something that should be top secret?

I’m just a mere student though...

“Even though I prepared enough for it to be a complete victory, it ended in a draw. Really though it was like I lost. We might have to drag out Kuoh from Oomori Woods as well as mobilize your queen and that dragonslayer... even so, it might not be enough.”

The human race’s loss was certain?

“Our defeat in this Millennium was practically decided the moment Clarice disappeared.”

Serge nearly dropped the cup in his hands after hearing Azel say that in a carefree manner.

“Then... isn’t it going to be super bad?”

“Bad things are bad, but... it’s just that the structure of human society will change. That Demon King-san was originally a human, I don’t think he’d drive mankind to extinction.”

H-huh?

Wasn’t the Millennium supposed to be a huge invasion of human territory by the demon tribe?

“Ah, you didn’t hear?”

Azel continued speaking after wetting his lips with some of the tea in his hand, speaking simply.

“The past two Millenniums were caused by a massive overcrowding of the demon tribe’s population. This time, however, is different.”

He stared at Serge in a discerning manner.

“His goal is for human-demon symbiosis. In other words, he wants to invade so that humans and demons can live together.

It was a huge surprise!

\*

It wasn’t hard for ogres, beastkin, or even other demi-humans to distribute and live with humans.

Even though practically all of human territory was on the southern side of the continent, the Demon King was aiming for a total racial mixing.

Ah, I see.

Serge understood.

As a hero that came from Earth, moreover as a Japanese citizen, it was possible he’d try it as the Demon King.

Even when they were overthrowing Cordova, he sent Asuka and the rest to help out to support them, so it was convincing.

And in truth, it was an answer that Serge himself preferred.

“Umm, isn’t that not such a bad thing? That is of course if people could

actually live in peace I mean.”

“It’s good. If you’re only thinking about the Millennium, that is. However, then there’s...”

Just as he was about to say something, Azel stopped speaking.

“You’re an Ogress aristocrat, but what does your queen think about joining hands with the demon tribe?”

“It’ll work out... maybe. She has a bit of a personal grudge, but she is a person that became the ogre queen after all.”

“That so? I give up... What kind of personal grudge?”

He didn’t know?

“You probably know about how our Joou-sama and Carla-san are all lovey-dovey...”

“Ah, right. I don’t know too much about it, but even though both of their body’s are mainly female, they married.”

I see, so the great sage already know about that huh.

“Then, well, one of the Demon King’s subordinates went to kill Carla-san, but that just caused our Joou-san to flip and and wreck him.”

After hearing that, one would probably think relations between the two sides would break down.

However, even though Ria defeated Cordova, if one knew just how much help she had from the demon tribe, it wouldn’t be weird if it was taken that her killing the offender worked as a reconciliation.

And from what he heard after that, it seemed like she didn’t just feel like killing them.

However, from an objective viewpoint, joining hands with the demon tribe would be a risky venture.

“Then it looks like the ones properly fighting against the demon tribe are going to be Lemdria and Casalia huh... I give up...”

“Umm, Azel-sama, why are you so troubled about humans and demons

not fighting against each other?”

This was a fundamental issue.

Wasn't it a good thing to live together with the demon tribe, just as the former hero was aiming for?

“That's... it's no good. Doing that... will only birth bad results.”

He was being evasive with his wording. There was probably something he still didn't know.

“Well, there's still a bit more time. For now, how about I entice you, the queen's confidant?”

He sounded like he was joking, but his eyes were completely serious.

“I'll give you the right to enter this tower. However, the third floor and up are dangerous, so don't enter them. The laboratory equipment is dangerous as well.”

A single floor was still wider than a full library, and he could use it freely.

As a mage, these conditions were still something to covet.

“The ways to get here are to call for Laplace, or once you are able to teleport, by using the inner teleportation magic formation. Do you have any questions?”

“Umm, why are you doing so much for me?”

“To strengthen our war potential. Even if the Demon King overcomes the Millennium as he's intending... well, at any rate, I pray we have even a single extra powerful warrior or mage.”

And he was back to being evasive.

“Radam knows what's where, so ask him if you need.”

Oh well. Either way, Serge's purpose here was to strengthen himself.

No matter how the process went, that was his one goal.

And thus, Serge was blessed with the most advanced magical education



on this continent.

... What embarrassed him was that the person teaching him would sometimes jovially break out into anime songs though.

Fortunately, Azel wasn't tone-deaf.

\*

Footnotes:

1. The origin of the references... which I can't seem to find. If it helps, the raws for the three names are: 怪鳥ラプラス, ラダム, ポセイドン, バオル二世
2. SUPER trying my best with these lyrics that I don't know in the least. He's butchering whatever song it's meant to be, too.
3. Alright, so it's some anime from the Animax television network.
4. I don't quite understand this line: アゼル1世とかいませんか？

# Chapter 90: The First Year

“Eh? Examinations?”

“Yeah. You haven’t been preparing at all, so I thought you had some secret.”

Yeah, nope. I didn’t even know those existed.

That topic brought up at the dinner table, Serge looked over the papers in a hurry.

It was definitely written there. Examinations once per year. If they are failed, the student would have to drop out.

Moreover, the they were less than a month away.

No matter how great Carla-san’s prestige was, it’d be bad if he had to drop out.

Using his social status along with a recommendation to enter, he’d be disgracing Carla’s name if he failed.

Moreover, this exam....

– Students will be expelled if it is found that they have cheated on their written examinations.

It had that very clear stipulation.

He thought that he’d be able to handle anything with his space-time magic, but as mana perception would be used during the examination, that was more than unlikely.

As he was scrambling to prepare in his room, Chris came to visit him.

It had only been a month since he transferred in. There was no way that he’d be able to prepare for the exams in time.

He was getting worried that he might have come all this way just to fail.

“Excuse me... Serge?”

“... Fueh?”

Serge's deadpan response started Chris somewhat.

"If you don't mind, do you want to study together? Only a few of our classes are the same though..."

"Chris-sama, my lord and savior~!"

Serge jumped up and fell into a dogeza right then and there.

\*

With that, he somehow managed to sort out half of his coursework's lessons.

For the other half—

"Save me, Azelemon~!" [1]

Certain kill! Persuade the Chairman-sensei with tears!

"I don't mind, but it won't be ordinary."

That's fine! Chairman!

Well, the original was a development in a huge private school, but this might be fine too. [2]

"First, this and this are both useful for actual combat, so make sure to take the exam properly. Let's exchange this one and this one with my help. This one too."

Seeing the thing Azel tapped on, Serge tilted his head.

Practical magic study.

He didn't know why written tests were necessary for actual combat, but he was here, so there was no helping it.

"The masters take pupils with them to battle actual monsters during the vacation, so I'd like you to go with them."

Other than the standard holidays, the magic academy had three consecutive months as a vacation.

This vacation existed so that they could maintain the academy's entrance examinations and lessons that required a certain amount of time

to complete.

Among those lessons were practical training for practical magic study.

There were no obligations to participate if one were to get good grades in their tests. Conversely however, if one were not confident in their tests, they should choose to go.

Serge, somehow managing to make it through his examinations by dizzily studying until the day before, prepared to participate in the following day's practical training.

Well, in truth, it was like child's play compared to when he was an explorer. In particular, as there weren't any limitations on weapons and the like, he was confident that he could take a hydra on by himself. [3]

Even so, there was something he didn't expect.

He hadn't expected that Chris would participate in the training as well.

It appeared that Serge had definitely wanted to participate in the training, so as her father was heavy-handed, he recommended her to participate as well.

"It's a flag...!"

Serge muttered to himself.

\*

The practical training was held in the forests between Sacred Mountain Cyrus and the Northern Permafrost.

The practical training was in regular intervals, so although it wasn't like there were many demons there, that didn't mean it held no danger.

Therefore, even though there were things such as last testaments prepared beforehand in the contract...

"Serge, you're not bringing anything?"

"I have a staff and magic bag, what else would I need?"

While other students gave the feeling that they were going to a picnic or something, it was more like Serge was planning on going to a local store to

buy something.

However, people would know how prepared he was if they looked at how firm his stance was or how even his robe was made from sturdy mithril fibers.

He didn't actually even need the magic bag, but that was a secret.

"Alright, everyone ready? Let's head out!"

The commanding master calling out to everyone, their mock-adventure began.

And the first day finished without anything really happening.

"S-Serge... you're not winded at all, are you..."

Her glasses sliding down, Chris was the youngest there along with Serge. It was no wonder why she had practically no endurance.

"I walk a lot."

They were in a forest, but it wasn't like it was that dense of a forest. Additionally, they had a beastkin scout as their guide.

So the hardest part about it only depended on whether or not they were accustomed to forests.

When a great tusk boar actually came to attack them and the upperclassmen all wore themselves out on it, Serge just defeated it in one shot with a wind ball.

Yep, everyone was big-headed.

He didn't think everyone's endurance would get so low just by having to walk over rugged terrain.

This might unexpectedly be an amusing exam.

Having grown up in a farming village in the forest, it wasn't hard at all for Serge.

"Alright, let's set up camp here for today."

The Veteran Scout-san was about to say something after hearing the

master's words, but wound up closing his mouth.

Well, he knew what the man wanted to say, he probably just thought that saying it wouldn't do any good.

But Serge was different. He wanted to avoid as much danger as possible.

"Sensei, could we search for a spot with a bit better view for scouting? Perhaps we head back to that riverbed a little ways back?"

Knowing about Serge's career, the master didn't reject Serge's opinion outright.

He decided that they would return there to avoid enemy attacks and looked towards Scout-san.

Even though everyone was eating their rations on the riverbed, Serge was the only one that went out to catch his own food.

It was a great tusk boar. He wasn't as skilled at it as Maal, but Serge was a farmer's child. He could dismantle something like this.

He wasn't expecting too much for the taste since he wasn't too versed in bleeding animals out, but that's because Ria was the dungeon food person.

The students were sitting around looking at him with disgusted expressions at first, but the story changed once they saw it turning into a properly cooked meal.

"It'd be better if I left it to mature for few days..."

What he finished making was a stew made from potatoes, vegetables, and roasted meat.

Serge generously offered it to the students and master that started gulping back their saliva from its smell. That included the scout as well.

"So good!"

"How's this so tasty!?"

That's because they were eating something caught nearby and in a place with such good natural beauty.

Satisfied that his own work was passable, Serge watched Chris eat as a

rate much faster than usual.

“Thinking about it now, Maal’s food tasted so much better...”

Hearing him, Chris’ spoon stopped moving.

“Who?”

“An old co—... no, a comrade. We went into the labyrinth together, but she’s married with a husband now.”

“... What kind of person is she?”

“She’s a black cat beastkin, she was the scout for our party. More personally, I was happy whenever she made meals for us all.”

“A beastkin? There aren’t many of those in the magic city, are there.”

There weren’t many beastkin that could use mana, so there were naturally less of them in the magic city as students. There were a few special people that had Fairy Eyes like Maal though.

“Chris, what do you plan on doing when you graduate from the academy? Like going around the world... well, the Millennium will be here first huh.”

As Ria had once done, Serge also wanted to travel the world.

However, before he could do that, there was the Millennium. He couldn’t forget that.

“The Millennium? Is it really coming...?”

Looking at the spoon on her plate, Chris spoke.

“Besides, how many more years will it be even if it comes...”

At that, Serge muttered words as heavy as boulders.

“Within three years.”

“Eh?”

Seeing Chris look at him, Serge realized he made a slip.

“Well, no, I mean, the permafrost looks like it’s starting to thaw—“

“Are you certain!?”

The normally quiet Chris shouted, drawing the attention of their surroundings.

She hushed herself in a hurry, drawing her face closer to Serge's.

“How many people know...?” [5]

“Well, if we're talking about people in the upper tiers of countries, I guess everyone?”

She didn't think that she was being deceived. However, she didn't want to believe it.

The previous Millennium was a war that had decreased mankind's population to a tenth of its former amount. If it was truly about to happen, these northern lands were very likely going to be submerged in war.

“Could you tell me more about what you know when this training is over?”

Chris said it in an unusually stern voice, so Serge reluctantly nodded.

“In exchange, you have to keep it a secret. You can't even tell your father.”

“But...”

“Secret.”

“... Understood.”

\*

In the end, there was nothing worth special note during the three days and two nights they were out.

If something had to be said, a hydra appeared for some reason, becoming valuable EXP for Serge.

Serge gained a new nickname, [Snakeslayer], but that's an inconsequential tale.

Serge had told Chris practically everything in the end.



He even told her about the Demon King's subordinate fighting with Carla.

"I see, so the Demon King himself..."

That was all.

"If you want, you can come together with Earl-sama to Ogress. It's not a place that the demon tribe will be able to easily attack."

In various meanings.

However, Chris was mumbling something and didn't seem to hear what Serge said.

Well, it's alright. When the time actually comes, he could probably get Carla to use her connections and get them to come to Ogress.

However, the conclusion Chris arrived at wasn't one that Serge expected.

"I've decided! I'll also study offensive magic next year and become the Hero-sama's comrade!"

—Why'd it turn out like this!?

\*

Footnotes:

1. Doraemon reference here. Azelemon to the rescue!
2. Sounds like some other reference that I don't know and can't find...
3. Recall that 'explorers' are something like this series' version of adventurers. They just delve into labyrinths.
4. This is one of those tiny sentences that end in 'wo' without actually having a verb. I couldn't translate the sentence into English at all, so I retooled the sentence somewhat. For reference, the sentence was "who in the world (ni) it (wo)?"

# Chapter 91: Start of the Second Year

“Hey Serge, can I ask you something?”

When he became a second year, he was able to make friends that called him with his first name.

“Sure, I’ll answer if I can~”

Serge gave a suitable response. He was desperately transcribing notes from someone’s notebook he borrowed.

“Are you and Chris a thing?”

Buu—!

Serge fell forward against the desk, but the answer was obvious just by seeing his reaction.

“Sorry ’bout that...”

The girl was the daughter of the family whose residence he lived in. She wasn’t an existence he should make moves on.

He convinced the guy when he said that, but recently... Chris grew up pretty suddenly.

She was entering the category of beautiful in Serge’s sense of aesthetics, but she was suddenly getting taller, more well rounded, and womanly. It even looked like her long black hair was getting more glossy.

For the short Serge, this messed with his short complex.

“Well, maybe I should try going on the attack?”

“I don’t really mind, but I think it’d be better if you didn’t~”

Ignoring Serge’s advice, the boy called out to Chris.

The marriageable age came quick in this world. Moreover for aristocrats, their partners had to be chosen quickly.

Although they were usually for tying connections between houses, it wasn’t as though none were for love.

However, even so, the boy suffered a defeat against Chris.

Above all, his mana was insufficient to talk to Chris.

That Chris was taking practically the same classes as Serge was.

Serge tried stopping her.

To begin with, if pushed, he'd say that Chris' talent for magic wasn't suited for battle. If anything, it was suitable for research, analysis, and pursuing magic theory.

Even so, with the Millennium practically on their doorsteps, she wasn't able to bear being a scholar. Despite her father, who was the earl, and the masters' attempts to change her decision, her will was firm.

What made her change so much?

The earl might have realized...

\*

One day, he talked to Serge in the greenhouse.

"Is school going well?"

"Yeah, there are so many things that I wouldn't have realized on my own."

"Really now? That's great. I wrote that in a letter to Carla, after all."

The earl cut away rose thorns with some pruning scissors. The roses in this world had thorns as well.

"... By the way, what do you think of Chris?"

It came!

If he stammered here or wasn't able to think properly he'd be disqualified.

"I believe that she is an excellent person. She is very kind."

He thought that was a very safe response, but...

The earl laughed out loud. Was there something funny in what he said?

“Most assessments of her say that she’s big-headed or unsociable.”

“I believe that those are the impressions of people that, along with being envious of her, can only see what she’s like on the surface.”

“In other words, if you don’t envy her, that means you are paying attention to the inside?”

Umu. He failed a bit there.

“Well you know, I don’t think bad of you. Frankly, it’s just that at your preference of strict children is surprising.”

Was this not thanks to Carla? After all, the one to take care of him as a child and his now-deceased mother was Carla.

But even so, it was different. Carla certainly was a gentle person, but to the last, he only associated with Chris as a student. [1]

And then the earl finally came to his main point.

“In the event an emergency happens, could you take the girl to Ogress?”

The earl said something like that very simply.

“My son and I have duties to fulfill as our obligations as nobles. However, she is a woman. Her body is to marry another house.”

“Sir, that’s...”

He already knew what emergency he was talking about.

“Could I ask you to do that for me?”

“She herself might not want it though.”

“Even if you have to force it. If it’s you, you can do it.”

“If she wants me to, I’ll give it my all. However, if she herself doesn’t want me to...”

Serge shook his head.

“It’s impossible with my current strength. But if I’m strong enough at that time...”

He nodded.

“I’ll help her. I’ll risk my life for her.”

\*

It appeared that Azel sent the date that the Millennium would be coming to the upper echelons of the Magic City.

Battle training began to be included in their classes and it was decided that Serge would serve as a special lecturer.

Heading to Azel’s tower each day, he mainly researched space-time magic.

And then he would teach what he learned to Chris. Serge’s teaching method was good, but the girl’s own Gift allowed her skill to improve remarkably.

But even so.

Even so, against that opponent that even Serge couldn’t compete against, she wouldn’t be able to do anything at all.

He thought she would be better off studying grand magic or something like imbuing magic into the armor and weapons of troops.

Chris stubbornly continued desiring magic that would allow her to fight. To make it worse, she at least had some talent in it.

It was enough for her to overtake her brother, who had been studying the same offensive magic, with surprising swiftness.

“Really, why is she like that?”

“Isn’t that because she’s still aiming to be the hero’s follower?”

Two people were talking with each other in Azel’s tower while they sipped on Radam-prepared tea.

Even though they were talking, he was pushing his mana and was being trained.

“A thousand years ago. Shana Milgrid. As a companion of the hero, she was the great witch that defeated the Demon King.”

“Ah, come to think of it.”

To be rejected and still after the hero that set out to defeat the Demon King, it was a pitiable saga.

“Come to think of it, what happened to that person in the end?”

“She’s alive. She was fighting against the Demon King just the other day.”

A historical figure was being talked about so simply.

He felt it back when he met with Dark Dragon Valis, but it’s a strange feeling.

“The hero that should’ve fought against the Demon King is the Demon King this time? How did that happen?”

He asked Valis the same thing, but he hadn’t gotten a satisfying answer.

“Hmmm... let’s put it this way. For you, what is human? How far does it go?”

“You mean like including elves and dwarves as humans?”

“Yeah. So? How far would you go including races?”

“Hmmm, ogres as well, same with beastkin... Basically, if they can communicate with us, I’d say they could be included.”

“Right. The hero thought so too. Then he included goblins, orcs, and other low-intelligence races, spending years... hundreds of years thinking about how to have them live together with humans.”

He heard about this the other day, the human-demon symbiosis thing.

The more he heard about the ideal, the more it sounded like he was a good man.

“You didn’t cooperate? Or rather, you want to stop it?”

“Un, either way, I thought it’d fail. But then now it looks like he might succeed. He actually made that thing...”

“That thing?”

“A golem. Thor called it a robot though.”

A machine. In other words, the power of science.

Uniting magic and science. That was what he had spent a thousand years on.

It was probably strong. It was the combination of two worlds' strength. No matter how much someone was called a great sage, there was no matching up against that.

"What'd you do!? Did you defeat it!?"

Serge's mana pushing interrupted, he shouted.

"I lost. Didn't I say it the other day? The problem is with how I lose and what'll happen after."

"... The Great Collapse?"

He'd heard this key word many times. However, no one would tell him what would happen.

The end of myth. The start of the world. That was the Great Collapse. He had been told that it caused even more people to die than the Millennium.

"There are only two humans in the world that about the Great Collapse."

Azel told him who knew.

"Saint Emperor Ryuke Shifaka and the Wandering Sage Alvis. Corfus of the Oomori Woods if you include the elves. And the dragons."

Azel said the name of the most famous human in history and the name of a person he'd never heard.

"The saint emperor... isn't that someone from three thousand years ago? She's still alive?"

"Even I've been alive for a thousand years. Is it really that impossible?"

Come to think of it, the saint emperor's last moments as they learned it in history class was that she had embraced death in a secluded life.

"And that person named Alvis-san is..."

"When the other continents were destroyed, he survived. He's not been

alive for three thousand years as well, but he knows a lot. He doesn't have a specific base, but he's way stronger than I am, so it'd be great if you could get him to teach you if you meet him."

A great sage among great sages, even Azel wasn't someone who could compete with him. And then there was the Demon King that was even stronger than him.

However.

He believed that Ria would be able to do something about it.

"If it's Nee-chan... if it's Carla-san and Nee-chan, they will win, even if it's the Demon King."

"Yeah, according to the stories I heard, if it's those two, they might just win."

Azel's expression became languid as he spoke.

"If they fight, that is."

Right. Ria might not fight him.

She talked with ogres and vampires, yet fought against the werewolf and obliterated goblins and orcs alike.

For Ria, that wasn't a contradiction.

"I... I have to get stronger, too.."

"Hmph, then how about you try and fight against Laplace today?"

"Ah, how about I not."

\*

Footnotes:

1. These last few lines are super confusing to me. Tried to translate them as literally as possible.



# Chapter 92: Actual Combat

He got taller.

It's important, so it has to be said one more time.

He got taller.

Serge was in a good mood from his recent growth spurt. He practically danced in joy whenever there weren't people around.

And that's also why he ended up agreeing with Chris's following request: "Serge, I want to take part in an actual battle, could we go together?"

In this case, it didn't look like she had the alternative of relying on her brother. He was weak.

"I'm fine with it, but get permission from the earl alright?"

The earl loved his daughter, so he didn't expect that she'd actually get his permission.

"It's alright. I already got Otou-sama's permission."

Her response caused Serge to freeze up for a bit.

She actually had a strategy for that.

Chris began assaulting her father with an extremely rare case of her 'begging'.

And like that, she was just barely able to have the earl give up and say his conditions.

One of those conditions were that Serge had to go along with her.

She did the order backwards, but Chris was able to get permission to go through this method.

"Woman are scary..."

Serge lamented as such later on.

Wondering what sort of fight Chris was looking to have, Serge asked

her.

“It has to be a hydra so I—“

“Yeah, no. Out!”

That hurdle was way too high.

“But Serge defeated that one easily?”

“You know, it’s true that I can, but do you know the level difference between us?”

Serge was showing a much lower level than he was actually at by using camouflaging magic, but even with that, they had a pretty big difference between each other.

“We’ll have to hire people to be scouts and shields.”

“Setting aside the scouts, do we need warriors? We didn’t even have them in the training though.”

Serge was there at that time, so he was able to deal with most things. However, even though Serge would be there this time as well, relying on him would serve little purpose for training.

And so those two turned up at the mercenary guild.

As the name suggested, it was a place that acted as a mediator for mercenaries to find work. However, the one in this town wasn’t that large.

But even so, it felt nostalgic when he went inside. Chris followed closely behind Serge, gripping onto his robe tightly.

Feeling that familiar sensation and heading to the counter, Serge talked to the manager.

“Oji-san, I’m looking for a scout and two warriors to act as shields.”

“Aah? It’s not like there aren’t any, but what for?”

At that point, Serge gestured towards Chris with his thumb.

“This academy Ojou-san wants some practical experience, but I’d like to get her some guards. Level 50 or higher.”

“What are you paying? What’s the Ojou-chan’s level? And who else is going?”

“Five silver coins a day per person, up to a week, could be shorter. The Ojou-san’s level is 76. For who else is going, I am. You guys should know me as [Serge the Snakeslayer].”

When Serge gave his nickname, the people inside the guild reacted.

Having a nickname was proof of being first-class. Even if there were some strange nicknames, most of them were cool.

People like Ria the Ladykiller were special cases.

“Oi, no way.”

“That shortie is?”

“No way, he’s still a kid.”

—Shortie’s a bit much!

After that, the manager picked out a few members that Serge was wanting.

Even when Serge checked them out with Identify, it looked like they were good enough to defend Chris.

“Shall we go then?”

“No no, we still haven’t decided on the details.”

The one who brought up the contract’s details was a male beastkin that looked to be the scout. Judging by the black spots on his fur, he was a rare species in the town.

“At any rate, we’re just looking to get experience, so I’m fine with whatever materials appear. If some rare item pops up I’ll let you guys have priority in buying it.”

“What about luggage? It’d probably be a bit tough for the Ojou-san.”

“We have magic bags, so it’s alright. Just carry as many materials as you can.”

The men laughed in satisfaction. Their payment was attractive enough, but now it looked like they'd be able to earn even more from materials.

Their negotiations after that went smoothly as well, so the scout and Serge shook hands with each other.

"Now then, next are the preparations."

"Eh?"

"We'll be staying in the forest for a week. There's lots of stuff to buy. I'll buy the stuff we need for adventuring, so if there's anything you need as a woman, go and buy them."

To be specific, undergarments and the like. Explorers would usually be in the same underwear for a week, but Chris probably wouldn't be able to hold on that long. She also probably wouldn't take a bath as often as Ria did though.

Even though that girl was heroic, she had a rather eccentric love of being clean.

"Make sure to buy stuff while referencing the trouble you had back in those three days of training. You won't be able to bathe, so be prepared for that."

"U-understood."

Serge could more or less use bath magic as well though. It was convenient for traveling, so he made sure to learn it.

However, it'd be a bad thing to spoil Chris so much in the beginning. In no way was this him wanting to smell her after a week of no bathing.

\*

On the morning of the next day, the group gathered near the town's front gate with everything prepared.

There were three people loaded down with a week's worth of equipment and two others in light dress. Chris was carrying a splendid staff.

"Alright, leader, what's our route?"

The scout asked Serge.

“Eh? I’m the leader?”

“You’re the employer, you have some experience yeah? Please decide the route.”

So this was the weight placed on the leader?

So Ria endured this weight too... it felt like she didn’t though.

“Well, pick a route that’s dangerous for amateurs. I’ll think about it tomorrow after we fight something.” [1]

“Alright, leave it to me.”

Aah, so nice.

Having a party really was the best.

It wasn’t likely that these members would be able to dive into a labyrinth though.

And so, Serge and the rest departed on their adventure.

\*

And they were immediately setback. It was mainly because of Chris though.

Limply clinging to her staff, she was barely able to walk. Her feet were strengthened by her boots, but she wasn’t accustomed to the forest at all. The difficulty level of this route was much higher than the one they used in their previous practice excursion.

“Leader, should we stop for a break?”

“Guess so.”

“I-I can still walk.”

Even though she said that, she wasn’t convincing in the least as she looked like a newborn deer with her legs shaking.

Other than just being kind, Serge knew the importance of taking breathers.

“For now, heal.”

When he healed her with magic, Chris’s face looked refreshed. However, her body’s endurance hadn’t recovered. It was only able to recover part of her fatigue.

“Ah, something’s coming our way. A great fanged monkey?”

Great fanged monkeys were demons, but they were close to normal wildlife. They would attack a human on sight.

“Just one of them huh... Chris, want to give it a try?”

“Yes! I’ll do my best!”

It was an enemy that wasn’t even level 20, so it should be an easy victory for Chris. Magic like Wind Blade or Ice Clump would take it out in one hit.

For the one in a thousand chance of something going wrong, Serge prepared Longinus. Nothing beat it in accuracy.

However, what Chris used against the large monkey that eventually attacked from up in the trees was— “Fireball!”

The monkey lit up in a ball of fire from that attack.

Continuing on, the ball of fire lit up the forest trees as well.

“Acha~”

The monkey rolled around covered in flames, spreading the fire.

“O-oi! Leader!”

“I got it!”

After stopping the monkey, he put out the fires with water magic.

And then came reflection time.

“Now then, Chris, do you know what you just did wrong?”

“That I failed to take it out in one hit?”

“Hmm~, that’s true, too. However, fire magic is fundamentally prohibited in forests.”

Burning down a forest was a crime itself. Of course, it might be permitted in some cases as a way to deal with monsters.

But for something like just now, it definitely wouldn't be excused.

While it was strong, that didn't mean that fire magic was always the best.

\*

After that, Chris managed to use wind-type magic to defeat monsters.

However, there was that.

There was a problem where he didn't expect there to be one.

"Serge... umm... toilet..."

"Aah, you can use that spot over there. Don't worry, I'll turn around."

"Aa... uu~..."

That gaze of hers looking up at him with teary eyes... was it her wanting him to go with her?

Come to think of it, unlike that practice excursion, the party this time only had men in it. Was his consideration in that area lacking?

However, he wasn't going to pamper her. The beauty's tears were his reward.

"... I'll go with you if you're alright with me?"

"Please..."

Towards the requests of "don't look!" and "don't listen!", Serge complied as a gentleman.

Her reaction itself was more than tasty enough for him.

And the same thing happened that night.

The Ojou-sama said that she wanted to wipe herself down.

It was understandable. It couldn't be helped. She had been walking all day, after all.

Making sure to cover her in a cloth tent, Serge could see her silhouette as she wiped herself down.

Serge definitely wasn't a lolicon, but he couldn't deny that he got a little excited.

\*

And then it was the fourth day, the day they would turn back the way they came.

The party noticed a monster they were on the lookout for.

"Coming from the north. In the sky. It's a big one."

The thing Serge caught in his detection was...

"No way, a dragon!?"

"No, it's a wyvern."

"Can Serge defeat a dragon too?"

"Nope, impossible! I might be able to do something against a newborn, but an adult would be absolutely impossible."

He recalled Vargas being wrecked by the immature Irina.

"Well, I'll drop it out of the sky, so Chris, please finish it from there."

"G-got it."

"It's been a long time... Extended Longinus!"

Getting its wing punched through by the Longinus from so far away, the wyvern lost its momentum and had to land.

Right in front of them. It looked like it got tangled in the trees.

Chris's magic hit it dead on, but she didn't defeat it in one hit. The warriors defended against its counterattacks with their shields.

Serge was prepared for any unexpected situations, but nothing in particular happened, the wyvern died before long.

"Alright~! Now to skin it~!"



In the back looking at everyone with glee in her eyes, Chris's waist gave out on the spot.

Compared to the enemies Chris had faced so far and only had trouble against due to her insufficient experience, the wyvern truly was a tough fight for her.

"I want to take a bath..."

Chris muttered.

Nothing particularly noteworthy happened on their way back.

So long as one weren't negligent with scouting for enemies, it was possible to return quietly.

The only problem might be that Chris was concerned about her own body odor. She was changing her clothes, but she didn't think that she'd smell so much.

Even so, compared to when they first set out, she was a lot more used to traveling along rough terrain.

When their group arrived back at the town, they used the noble privilege of being able to skip the long line.

"Well then, I'll bring the materials to the guild tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll leave it to you."

They separated from the other three once they'd gone into the gate.

"Bath... bath... even cold water is fine..."

"Eh?"

"... Eh?"

"Well, if you're fine with cold water, here, Clean Water."

Chris was quickly wetted. The things she was wearing were thick, so it wasn't erotic.

"And now, Dry."

Most of the water evaporated away. Lulu had said that it was bad for the

hair if you went too far with it so he stopped there.

“So?”

“I’m clean... but... why didn’t you say anything until now?”

“You said you wanted to take a bath. You didn’t say anything about using cold water.” [2]

“~~~!”

Chris lightly beat against Serge. He laughed.

Like this, Chris’s first session of actual combat came to an end.

\*

Footnotes:

1. Serge, picking the route of having the scout pick the route.
2. Note that the word I’m translating as ‘cold water’ literally means “swimming/bathing in cold water”. It’s being used as a noun here, though, so I shortened it to simply ‘cold water’.

# Chapter 93: Gazing Upward

Serge became 14 years old.

14 years old.

Most countries would treat 14 year olds as adults. They could marry from that age on.

The earl gave Serge a sword meant for self-defense on his birthday.

The katana he'd gotten from Ria before had a much better performance, but it was the thought that counted. No one else had given him anything.

(I wonder how the people back home are doing...) His memories from before he reincarnated were much stronger after meeting Ria. However, that didn't mean he didn't miss his hometown.

He wanted to go back there before the Millennium and protect them from at least some of the danger.

"Serge, did you..."

Chris called out to Serge, who was gazing outside of the window.

"Did you actually grow taller than me?"

"Eh?"

It was as she said. When he stood up, Chris was looking up at him.

Neither of them had realized at all. They'd been near each other the whole time, so them not noticing was all but natural. More so given their current ages.

Serge's everyday lifestyle hadn't changed much. He attended his classes, received lessons from Azel, then went home to sleep. As for what was added to that, it was his subjugations with Chris.

At first, Chris was completely exhausted just by a single trip's journey. Her level had gone up a little, so her endurance went up accordingly.

She was able to go back and forth from the forest now, so she wasn't an inconvenience with the other members.

But even so, she probably wouldn't be able to become the Hero's comrade. Even the much stronger Serge couldn't even think of standing a chance against Ria's shadow.

\*

"Eh? The Hero? There isn't one anymore."

Even so, when Azel said that... it was a huge shock.

"Eh? Eh? When you say there isn't a Hero, not one anymore I mean, what are you saying? Did he disappear together with the empire... or something?"

"No, he said he was fed up with this world and ran off with some high elf girl to another world."

That's too unrestrained, Hero!

There were actually more circumstances surrounding the whole ordeal, but if you just paid attention to the facts, nothing Azel said was a lie.

Through the Demon King's trickery, the Hero was made to play a part in Golden Dragon Clarice's termination and, together with the high elf girl he'd met in Oomori Woods, was sent to another world by Water Dragon Lanna.

"But why..."

"Well, having over three million people's deaths placed on you and then being forced to fight the demon tribe, wouldn't the normal person's spirit give out from that?"

That really was reasonable.

Being summoned into another world and then being turned into a murderer. It was ridiculous to expect something like that to go well.

"But the previous Hero fought right?"

The current Demon King.

"The Hero before him did as well. But he's a bit sensitive. It's not like I've met him directly though."

Hmmm, what would I do?

Would I have been able to murder orcs and the like?

Ria's different. That girl adapts to whatever.

Thinking about it like that, I can't blame the Hero.

"By the way, Serge."

"Huh? What's up?"

"You, would you succeed me as the Great Sage?"

"Eh?"

That was sudden.

"I intend to fight in this next Millennium. I don't think that I'll be surviving it. However, like my predecessors, I have to make sure that the sage knowledge is passed down."

He was being serious. It wasn't a joke.

"W-why me..."

"Intellect, mana, insight, willpower. You even have memories from your previous life. Is that not enough?"

It felt like he was valued. However, Azel had probably been watching him for that reason.

He'd probably been doing so for a very long time.

"Well, you don't have to answer right away. There isn't much time though."

"What are the advantages and disadvantages of becoming the Great Sage?"

"The advantage is knowledge. You'll inherit the knowledge that has been passed down from generation to generation of Great Sages. And you'll have perpetual longevity. For disadvantages... none."

"None?"

He couldn't believe it.

“You just have to decide what you should do. That’s what I’m doing.”

That’s what this was?

Him leading this academy city and observing the world from the shadows, leading it to a better future.

Was that what he meant by that?

“Will I obtain power?”

“If you make use of the knowledge.”

“What about Carla-san? I’d think she’s more suited for it than me.”

“She said that she would return to her country and live solely for it.”

It was true. She had fought against a dragon and killed it for her country, becoming the Dragonslayer.

In the end, he wasn’t able to make his decision quickly.

What Serge wanted was power. The power to protect his comrades.

If he could get it, there shouldn’t be any reason not to choose it.

However, the reason that he wasn’t able to answer just then was because of the look in Azel’s eyes.

His eyes didn’t just look like he had grown old. His eyes bespoke of exhaustion, causing Serge’s hesitation.

Serge left to the pavilion and gazed at the moon. It was a full moon. When it started to wane, the next one would be Chris’s birthday.

Serge wanted to give her something as a present, but something being sent by a member of the opposite sex on your 14th birthday signified that they wanted to court the other, so he couldn’t do anything.

(I wonder if I could launch some fireworks for her?) Or maybe there was something else he could do? He was thinking about stuff like that.

“Serge?”

Chris was standing under the moonlight.

She was only wearing a jacket over her thin silk.

“What are you doing?”

To be honest, he thought she was someone else for a moment.

“Oh, it’s you.”

“I saw you slip away, so I followed.”

He hadn’t noticed, it was his negligence.

“Have you been thinking about something since dinner?”

“You saw through me?”

“You were thinking about something, but didn’t want to talk about it...”

Of course that wasn’t it.

“It’ll be your 14th birthday soon, right? I can’t give you a present, so I’ve been thinking about something I could do.”

It was the truth, after a fashion, at least.

“There’ll be no one giving me a present, so anything from you would be nice...”

This was her reaping what she sowed.

Normally, if a girl didn’t have a man that loved them, they wouldn’t be courted.

“Really? Then I’ll give you an amulet. What’d be good...”

Serge searched around his storage space. He’d made various things while practicing bestowal magic.

What he chose from his items was a silver barrette.

“I made it myself, so it’s not something fancy, but it has various kinds of magic bestowed on it, so I think it’ll be useful.”

When he passed it to her, Chris grasped it tightly.

“Thank you.”

Saying that, she immediately tried it on. Gathering her long black hair, she put it on.

“Does it suit me?”

Under the moonlight.

Her black hair and the silver matched harmoniously.

No, it wasn't the jewelry that was beautiful— “It does, but I'd like it if you wore more proper things for your party. If you want, I'll give you a present for your next birthday, too.”

Serge said that, but the next year would be the third year the Demon King spoke of.

What time would the demons start their invasion in that third year? Thinking about that, he wasn't able to make it a promise.

“It's a promise!”

Did Chris know what he was thinking about?

She just smiled.

He felt that it would be great if she could just keep on smiling like that forever.

“Serge.”

She was gazing at him, looking up slightly.

“Really, thank you.”

\*

Later on, at her birthday party in the earl's mansion, Chris uncharacteristically wore a white dress and some light make-up.

Although that alone gave her a much different impression from usual, there was a certain thing decorating her pinned-up hair. It was the silver barrette.

Even when she was asked for it, Chris wouldn't tell others where she'd gotten it. She just said that it was a present she'd received before her birthday.

(This is... that, isn't it...)



Even if Serge were a thickheaded-type protagonist, he wasn't a protagonist whose hearing got worse as it was convenient for it to be, so he somehow realized it.

Chris held good will towards him.

He was conscious that a flag had been raised. However, honestly, Serge wanted the man's dream: a harem.

It could be said to be cruel, but Serge had already been a virgin for thirty years including his previous life.

If he married Chris, he wouldn't be able to have mistresses. She would definitely cry if he were unfaithful to her.

That's why he should've avoided the Chris route from the start, but...

(I'm not a man that would just say oh well.) He couldn't do something so cruel to such a cute girl.

On that day, Serge danced with Chris until his eyes spun.

Since neither of them were particularly good at it, it was actually rather charming.

Chris's brother talked about them rather sarcastically afterwards.

By the way, there was one other thing.

It was something Serge learned later on, but when a woman asked a man for a birthday present, it was known as a reverse proposal.

# Chapter 94: The Final Adventure

“It’s almost time, isn’t it.”

On a certain day, Azel said that so nonchalantly that Serge almost missed it.

“Eh? Almost time for what?”

“For the permafrost to melt.”

In other words, it was almost time for the Millennium to begin.

In Winter of Year 3002 on the Continental Calendar, an omen had appeared.

The layer of permafrost began retreating in spite of the winter. Then, on the dawn of Year 3003, the trend became all the more evident.

Each of the country leaders opened communications with each other, but even though they sought to cooperate, it didn’t go well.

Setting aside Istria that had was as exhausted by civil war as it was, the strong, emerging country of Ogress took a neutral position.

The information Serge sent to them that he got from Azel had a hand in that as well.

Regent Guinevere’s opinions held heavy sway internally and Queen Ryuke Riana used the former ogres as an example. Both of them wanted to avoid hostile behavior in this.

Of course, as Casalia, the Magic City and Holy City all bordered the demons’ domain directly, they were vehemently against this. [1]

Humanity was unable to unify before the demon invasion.

Even the Magic City criticized Ogress’ attitude.

As someone from Ogress, they even kept a distance from Serge, though they didn’t say anything due to his capability.

However, his cheeks just loosened from what he read in the letter he got that came from Ogress.

In addition to Carla and Shizuna's child from two years before, Fio's first and Shizuna's second children were born this year.

They were both girls. As far as Serge was concerned, that was the best.

"I wonder how cute they are~. They could've at least sent me a photo with magic."

Even so, Queen Ria was doing her best.

For her to have four formal children in the last three years... did that make her lewd? Did she have sniper-like accuracy? Or maybe she should be called a hero? [2]

It appeared that Carla wasn't pregnant right then, though that was as expected.

It wouldn't be funny if the Dragonslayer couldn't fight due to being pregnant.

A knocking sound came from the door. It was Chris.

"Serge, are you free?"

"Yeah."

He wasn't particularly trying to hide the letter. He just put it back into the envelope and placed it on the desk as normal.

"... From Ogress?"

"Yeah, it's another one saying that Nee-chan's kid was born."

Serge sent information he learned from Azel to Ria, but Serge never received important information from Ria. At most, it was just her saying what information she wanted to know.

"So, what's up?"

"The next expedition?"

Chris had stopped talking so formally with him at some point, too. It might've been because their familiarity had just increased that much.

“Ah, targeting the Hydra, right?”

Chris’s abilities improved a considerable amount in these past two years. This was due to Serge’s proper guidance of course, but this time she had her eyes set on defeating the Hydra.

“And... I want to make this the last one.”

Eh?

What was that just now?

“You are going back to Ogress. People need someone of your strength there, right?”

“No no no, hold up! Don’t just go and decide on that!”

Of course, Chris knew of Ogress’s movements as a country.

However, her behavior was entirely the same as it had always been.

That’s why he couldn’t keep up with her saying something like that so suddenly.

“You know, Chris. This town belongs to humanity and is right next to the demons’ domain. I couldn’t leave you all in such a dangerous spot and leave to go back.”

Even Azel said that this town would in all likelihood fall.

He also said that he wanted to have all noncombatants flee as far as possible.

But even so, Chris remained stubborn.

“I already have the power to fight.”

This was a failure.

If she thought that she could fight with her current strength, she would be in trouble.

Something like enough power to defeat a single Hydra was nothing before a truly strong person.

“Chris, your power is better suited to the back lines. You wouldn’t be

able to stand next to Queen Ryuke Riana and fight.”

“How do you know that if I haven’t tried?”

It’s useless.

“Alright. Well, let’s make this next adventure the last one.”

Hearing Serge’s response, Chris trembled. Even if she knew it would be, it still made her sad.

“And I’ll have you know just how unsuited for war you are.”

\*

He prepared everything carefully. They were going to go after a Hydra.

Both the supplies and mercenaries hired were assessed with an even more discerning eye than usual.

And moreover, Serge wasn’t the one to do it. It was done by Chris, alone.

From what Serge saw, nothing was lacking. Five warriors and a scout. She even employed an acquaintance from the academy that could use recovery magic well.

Their preparations for facing the Hydra were solid. With this, they’d definitely be able to defeat it. However, the problem was what would happen after that.

The group left early in the morning.

The leader was Chris, with Serge coming along basically as an observer.

Their pace firm, the group headed to their target location. It was a swamp that had a Hydra sighting reported.

Their search was going smoothly.

Chris no longer whined about wanting to go to the bathroom or bathe. That was because she learned how to do those things on her own, though.

And on the fifth day since they entered the forest.

Their group reached the swamp.

They threw the animal blood they’d prepared into the swamp. This was

the first downside to their strategy. They had to burn down a bit of the forest to secure their footing.

As for what popped up, lured by the scent of blood... it was a Six-Headed Hydra.

“Uooh...”

“Huuuuge...”

The one that Serge had taken on himself before was a Five-Headed Hydra. This one’s difficulty would be a bit higher.

“Detoxify!”

Chris’s magic soared over to the warriors. Right, this was the second downside.

If they couldn’t get the Hydra to step out of the marsh a bit more, it was highly likely to be able to escape.

Well, Hydras were essentially warlike creatures, so they wouldn’t generally run away though.

The battle went steadily.

The warriors and scout warded off the Hydra’s attacks while Chris’s magic damaged it bit by bit, followed up by the healing mage.

It was hard for them to defeat its first neck, but the fight got easier after that.

“Rushing Wind Blade!”

The final neck torn off by her wind magic, the battle was over.

Yeah, that’s all it took.

The warriors sat back on the spot to rest. Chris was using her staff to somehow hold herself up. The healing mage was on his knee.

Everyone did their best.

Serge approached Chris.

“See that, Serge!? We did it by ourselves!”

“Yep, but disqualified.”

There was a dagger in Serge’s hand.

Its tip was pointed at Chris’s throat.

“Using all of your strength in a fight, your throat would get ripped through afterwards. That is war.”

Serge spoke in a cold voice.

Chris stared at Serge.

She kept staring, not saying a word.

Their companions didn’t understand what was happening either. The only reality was that they could see Serge hold a dagger against Chris.

“Even if I didn’t catch you by surprise, do you think you could win against me alone?”

That would be difficult. To be frank, even if she fought with her all against a fully recovered Serge, her winning was unlikely.

“That is war. Chris, you aren’t suited for it. I believe that you would fit best in the rear, supporting.”

“... But... aren’t you going to fight?”

Tears collected in her eyes as she spoke.

“You’ll fight and suffer, won’t you?”

Aah, so that was it?

Her saying stuff about being the hero’s follower, so that was just an excuse?

Chris had wanted to be together... to be together, fighting alongside Serge.

“Me? Why would I?”

Her eyes obviously puzzled, Chris looked at Serge again.

“Eh?”

“I’m in charge of logistics... didn’t I say that?”

Re-sheathing the dagger, Serge put his hand on Chris’s shoulder.

“I’m better at that than my skill in magic. That’s why I didn’t fight in the previous war.”

The only person he fought was that wolf man that attacked Carla.

“So Chris, you don’t have to fight either.”

That said, Chris simply nodded in response.

Her head probably wasn’t working right just yet, but at any rate, it looked like she understood.

“Alright, you guys!”

The standing Serge shouted at the warriors who were slowly recovering their endurance!

“Material gathering, begin~!”

“Hyahha!”

Like this, his last adventure in the Magic City ended.

There was just one thing left for Serge to bring to its closure.

Right.

His promise with Azel.

\*

Footnotes:

1. The Holy City was mentioned before in Chapter 42.



# Chapter 95: Seeking Power

Around the end of January of Year 3003 on the Continental Calendar.

Serge made his decision and visited Azel's tower.

Azel was laying down on a sofa and reading a book, his lips curved into a slight smile.

"It appears you've come to a decision."

"Yes. I..."

He paused for a moment.

"I will become a Great Sage." [1]

He didn't have to do any preparations. However, as it was going to take three days' time, he did notify people that he would be gone.

Serge was guided into a room further up the tower, past the area he was told that he wasn't allowed to enter.

To say what was there in a single word, it was science.

One wall was covered with a geometric pattern of copper wires running up from the floor. They went all the way to the ceiling.

This was science. Not magic.

No, perhaps it was closer to a science that took magic into account?

"To become a Great Sage is to inherit this knowledge. Those who inherit it will, without exception, keep watch over this world. You are free to interfere if you wish, but I do not recommend doing so too often."

As Azel was saying that, he lead Serge towards a capsule bed in the middle of the room.

"You will place this on your head, you will fall into a deep slumber. Once you awaken, you will become an existence known as a Great Sage."

Serge gulped, his apprehension audible.

"Your level will rise rapidly due to obtaining the knowledge. I wonder,

were you prepared... to accept this power as well?"

Serge took a few deep breaths. This machine did not feel like it was a mind control machine. But even so, Serge had something he wanted to protect. For that, he needed power.

Serge nodded and stepped into the capsule. It was surprisingly large. Thinking about it, it was probably made so that races other than humans could become Great Sages as well.

The helmet on his head, Serge laid down.

He soon fell asleep, the torrent of knowledge beginning to rush into him.

A piece of history.

The Millennium's arrival, from the history of mankind. Their fight against the demons.

Azel was there. There was a person with black hair, probably the Hero. The Demon King looked like a demon.

It was an intense struggle.

The demons that appeared from beyond the permafrost were simply hungry.

They hungered, yet they kept marching.

This was the truth of the Millennium.

Be they humans, animals, or demons, they all needed to eat.

It happened in the central part of the continent. Even Oomori Woods' outer fringes were infringed upon.

Most human settlements were annihilated. The southeastern islands, the imperial capital, and some cities that were suitable for defense managed to make it through.

There was a Dragon.

The color of darkness, it was the gigantic Dragon, Valis.

With merely a breath, mountains from beyond the horizon were

destroyed.

There was a golden Dragon as well.

This Dragon defended the imperial capital, erasing any and all demons that attempted to draw close.

Before long, the number of humans dwindled to one-tenth, one-twentieth... all the way to one-one hundredth.

A decisive battle between the Hero and the Demon King played out.

Serge learned one thousand years of history.

And then further into the past. People were living in cities quite different from the current.

And once again, he arrived at the next thousand year step into the past, two thousand years ago.

By this point, Serge was screaming.

However, the past didn't stop flowing by.

It repeated again. Demons were coming from beyond the permafrost yet again.

Humans and demons perished, their souls entering the cycle.

This cycle, stained in blood as it was, held a queer beauty.

He saw a woman who looked strikingly like Ria.

She was on the Dark Dragon's back.

The battle between the Hero holding a large sword and the demonic Demon King ended, the victory going to the Hero once again.

And then Serge arrived at three thousand years ago.

Serge learned the truth about the Great Collapse.

\*

Three days had passed.

She'd been contacted by Serge, but Chris worried the whole time.

However, she was only told that he would be away for three days' time.

Although it wasn't to the point that she couldn't hold food down, she would suddenly awaken at night.

Where did Serge go?

By telling someone that they shouldn't overwork themselves, would they not attempt something unthinkable?

She worried.

For that reason, her being out the garden wearing nothing but a coat over her nightclothes this night was not a simple coincidence.

The gate doors opened.

A person had come in.

The vigil for the gate was never ending, so people could be allowed in at any time.

The person was holding a mage's staff.

"Serge!"

Serge looked at Chris, his eyes unfocused as he looked towards Chris.

"What's wrong? Are you alright?"

Chris spoke, feeling like something was wrong.

Serge walked to her and hugged her tightly.

"Everything, it's all for the Soul Cycle..."

His hands were trembling. His voice trembling as well, he kept on embracing Chris.

"Right, right. It's impossible. But that person thinks he can do it. Even Nee-chan..."

Hearing Serge's almost incoherent muttering, Chris hugged him back, holding him tightly.

Serge's trembling stopped. His warm breath brushed against Chris's neck.

“Sorry... please, let me stay like this... a bit longer...”

“Mm...”

The two stayed like that, each holding the other.

\*

Serge had changed ever since that night.

The time he spent looking far off in the distance as though in meditation increased.

He would sometimes go into the forest alone, spending several days at a time doing so.

Something that Chris noticed was that Serge’s mana had grown silent.

Normally, mana would fluctuate, similar to breathing. This was true for every human, regardless of how strong or weak their mana was.

However, this wasn’t so for the current Serge.

She couldn’t feel any movements in Serge’s mana, much like a pool with a calm surface.

It was said that this would happen for someone who could completely control their mana, but those who could were an incredibly small portion of the population. Those people were called Sages. In truth, Chris knew nothing more than that.

She was worried about it. The person to inquire about what happened should have been her.

For the first time in her life, she was hugged by a man who wasn’t her father or brother. Asking him something like that should have been alright.

Yet even so, she couldn’t find it in herself to do so.

In those three days, Serge’s expression had matured as though he’d aged dozens of years.

Whatever happened, it might have been something he’d never be able to speak of to others.

That's what she thought.

However, on a certain day, Serge approached Chris in the arbor.

"I've become Azelford-sama's successor."

It wasn't too big of a surprise.

Seeing how Serge had struggled over the past few days, it wasn't something too incredible to imagine.

Therefore, Chris wasn't surprised by that. What surprised her is that Serge had more to say after that.

"Thanks to that, I have perpetual longevity, can understand practically all magic, and know three thousand years of history..."

"Serge..."

"It's like my head's all tangled up even still. But well, I chose to do this myself."

"Is... there anything I can do?"

Serge shook his head.

"Nothing right now... but sooner or later, I might have to ask you to do something awful."

"If it's your request, anything."

Ojou-san, that's a line you should never tell a man!

What would you do if I told you to let me massage your boobs?

O-or if I said to keep me company for the night...

I wouldn't though! Really!

"I will truly ask you when the time comes."

\*

That night, Serge was called into the earl's study.

There were two people sitting on a sofa specifically placed as though to receive him.

Serge felt that he could understand what was about to happen just by that.

“It has been decided that a mobilization order will be given to the city’s mages.”

The Magic City was an oligarchy. Chosen by nobles, the rulers decided its policies.

“Although this excludes students, they might eventually mobilize the students as well. No, they absolutely will when the time comes.”

“You want me to take Chris before that happens?”

“Can we request this of you?”

This was convenient for Serge. However, what pretense would the earl use?

“Ogress has called for the exchange of magic and for those of power to counter the demons’ front. As one of the trainees, Chris would disappear into that.”

It was something commendable for a father to do. But what about him as a noble?

“What about you all...”

“My son and I will remain. That is our duty as nobles.”

Truthfully, he wanted to cast aside his pride as a noble and his duties and flee to Ogress along with his daughter.

However, that would have been against his morals.

Several days later, it was announced that a special envoy would be sent to Ogress.

Chris’s name was on the list.

Serge would act as a guard and return to Ogress.

A few days before, Serge visited Azel.

Azel waited for Serge amongst his mountains of books, reclined back as

he sipped on wine.

“You’re going?”

“Yeah. It’s my home. I also have to tell the queen the truth that I learned here.”

He’d come to understand the Millennium’s significance. By perpetuating the Soul Cycle, the world’s health was maintained. To that end, many lives must be sacrificed.

And the person who agonized over how to prevent it was the Demon King, formerly a hero.

“Even if we repeated the Millennium as we have each time before, it might not work out. In the past thousand years, the demons obtained a technological might incomparable to before.”

“But then...”

How would they face the Great Collapse?

“Even with all that, the Demon King intends to fight... for the fate of the world.”

Doing that would likely be an even more insurmountable task than simply facing the Millennium.

Even now, Serge didn’t know which side stood in the right.

“The next time you come, I will transfer this tower’s master authority to you. When I die, those three will follow your commands.”

Essentially, this was his last testament.

Serge’s eyes shook.

“Don’t look at me like that, I’ve already lived more than my fair share. A thousand years is more than enough for any human.”

Azel smiled. It was a refreshing smile, one that could release someone from the shackles of exhaustion.

“I’m already just praying that our enemies would hurry up.”



Three days later, the group of envoys set off for Ogress.

From inside the cabin, Chris kept looking at the group seeing them all off.

“It’s alright.”

Grabbing her hand, Serge spoke to reassure her.

“I’ll be with you.”

\*

Footnotes:

1. Slightly significant part here in that Serge uses ‘I (watashi)’ rather than his usual, lackadaisical ‘I (oira)’.

# Credits

Translator: [Ziru's Musings](#)

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